

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

WHAT THE CRIMINAL FORGOT

STUART MARTIN next week will start a new "Inside The Crime" series. He will tell you What The Criminal Forgot. Every criminal, he says, always forgets one point. No clerk remembers everything, no matter how clever he is. The crime detectors concentrate on finding this oversight by the criminal—and once that clue is discovered the shadow of the gallows appears. Each of these new crime stories by Stuart Martin will take you behind the scenes of crimes that the detectives solved—because the criminal forgot.

Ron Richards Discusses "WORLD'S CLEVEREST DOGS"

A WEATHER-BEATEN Yorkshire shepherd, Mr. Hayton, typifies the shepherd. His dogs, Pat and Jock, are equally representative of their species.

After more than three score and ten years Hayton is now touring the country for the Red Cross Agricultural Fund.

In addition to raising enormous sums for charity, Hayton is giving, free, invaluable guidance to farmers who, by the shortage of man-power, have found it necessary to make use of canine shepherds.

The dogs, too, are scarce, for many are helping the country's war effort by guarding vital points; those for sale command incredibly high prices.

Farmers value their dogs beyond price. Well they might, for these animals, whose instincts are developed by careful training, show an almost uncanny skill in rounding up sheep.

Opinions differ as to whether dogs have reasoning powers, but at any rate they have a mental quality which permits them to act in a way which suggests that they do reason.

Many dogs a year old have the instinct to round up sheep, while others are eager to be at work when they are six or nine months old.

Mr. Hayton works regularly on his farm, and sheep, popularly supposed to be quite stupid, know when they are being rounded up by an expert dog.

When petrol was plentiful, Northern trials were as popular with the farming commu-



nity as football matches are with the townsman. In fields near the heather-clad moors, shepherds of vast experience vie with younger and more elegantly clad competitors for cups and other big prizes. The audience, too, were critical.

Good work in anticipating the movements of the sheep, and the proper way to control the dogs, was applauded, but there would be disapproving looks if a competitor had the misfortune to be matched against obstinate moorland sheep and could not complete the course in time.

Each variation in the tone of command means a vital instruction, the complete obedience of which is necessary to success. When double dogs are worked, each knows which whistle is intended for him, and he will never act at the

wrong time. There is always complete co-operation between master and dog.

Dogs use considerable strategy in rounding up sheep which has refused to keep with its partners, while at exhibitions dogs have left the arena to bring back sheep which had decided to take a stroll among the spectators.

The subtle skill of sheep dogs is hard to explain. A city analyst, President of a Sheep Dog Trials Association, summed it up when he said:

"For once in my life I am completely baffled. I have analysed almost everything under the sun, and now I am trying to find out why sheep dogs are so clever. I cannot take any part of their brains and put it in a test-tube to analyse the constituents. The more samples I see, the more I am confounded."

HOME TOWN NEWS BATCH

ALBION "DISGUISES."

SAM BIRKINSHAW, who was a well-known player for Plymouth Albion Rugby side in the 1930-31 season, turned up in the town after 13 years in different guise—in fact, in several different "disguises."

Old pals found that Sam had accumulated quite a history. He joined the Army at the outbreak of war as a T.T. instructor, found that fame, and transferred to the Commandos. After several raids on the Continent he was wounded, and subsequently put into the A.A. Finally he was discharged on medical grounds.

While in the A.A., Sam developed a talent for impersonation. He has toured gun-sites and factories with E.N.S.A., broadcast in Workers' Playtime, and is now on the halls as "Mimique."

Sam's imitations of Churchill, Stalin and Hitler evoke great applause.

VANSITTART "ERADICATOR."

AND, believe it or not, this is true. It is an example of the troubles besetting shopkeepers who have to make do with very inexperienced staffs.

A somewhat vague young lady was recently serving in a Prince Street, Edinburgh, bookshop, and was asked by a customer for a book on gardening, and one which dealt specifically with the eradication of weeds.

The customer slipped the book into her shopping bag without examining it, and upon arriving home was astonished to discover that she had purchased a copy of that controversial work by Lord Vansittart, "The Roots of the Trouble."

WET BLANKETS?

WHEN the men of South Shields N.F.S. Football Club arrived to play a match against Smith's Dock, they opened the bag in which the kit was normally carried, and found it only contained blankets.

It caused some amusement, but the players, not to be outdone by such an incident, agreed to supply in their ordinary clothes until half-time, when the clothes arrived. The game was won by Smith's Dock by six clear goals.

SUN-TAN.

HAVE you heard the story of the submarine rating who joined the Service to get sun-ray treatment free, and got "browned off" at the base?

A JUDGE of criminals may have a lot to answer for. Seated high on the Bench, learned in the law, clad in the majesty of official robes, capped by his special wig, he may, because of some hidden frailty, some personal prejudice, some unseen influence, upset the equilibrium of evidence and set his foot heavily on one of the scales so that the balance of justice is no longer maintained.

Instead of a judge of criminals, he may then become a criminal judge.

So far, in these unsolved crimes, we have been concerned mainly to fix our scrutiny on the prisoners. Suppose we, in this instance, keep our eyes (and ears) on the Bench.

Aloof from emotion, concerned altogether with the law and its application, a judge is expected to be impartial, logical, decisive. But there have been occasions when the common sense of laymen have challenged, and challenged successfully, the rulings of the cold directors of the legal machine. The accusing finger of the ordinary man has not been met at the wretch in the dock, but at the representative of the State who delivered judgment.

SOME said that Lord Deas, famous in Scottish criminal cases, was a Hanging Judge. He was a lawyer of great experience, masterful, self-reliant. But his reputation suffered a severe setback by his conduct of the Sandford murder trial in 1862.

The late H. B. Irving told me he was so fascinated by the case that he planned to make a stage drama of it, and even visited the house, still standing, where the crime took place. Sandford Place was a street

in the West End of Glasgow. At No. 17 there lived in 1862 a well-known accountant, Mr. John Fleming, with his son and two daughters. His sister kept house for him.

The accountant's father, James Fleming, also lived there, but he dwelt in the basement mostly and within the servants. The truth was that this grandfather was not quite fitted for the genteel company upstairs. He had been a hand-loom weaver, his manners were without polish, he always spoke in "broad Scots," and if any whisky was available he went after it. He was not above blaming, without foundation, his grandson when the whisky was missing.

He was, by all accounts, a thoroughly nasty old man. When he was drunk he became very amorous towards the maids. Indeed, he was the father of an illegitimate child which one servant bore; and he had been "up before" the Kirk Session for "the sin of fornication with Janet Dunsmore," the servant.

In 1862, however, he was back in full membership of the kirk, having shown penitence and contrition. The Flemings, like many Glasgow successful business families, had also a house at Dunoon, on the Clyde, and there, during the summer months, they went, leaving this grandfather at Sandford Place, with one servant. The accountant and his son, however, only spent the week-ends at Dunoon, coming back to business early Monday morning.

On Friday, July 4th, the accountant and his son went to Dunoon as usual, returning to Glasgow on Monday, the 7th. On the afternoon of that day they arrived back at No. 17 Sandford Place, expecting to find the grandfather and the servant, Jessie McPherson, as usual.

Instead they were met by the grandfather, who told them that "Jessie has gone and her door's locked. I haven't seen her since Friday."

The three generations went down to the basement, found the girl's door locked and the key missing. But another key was found to fit the lock.

The door was opened. The room was in partial darkness, the blinds drawn. On the floor beside her bed lay the girl—dead, practically naked, blood all about the place, and her head battered.

The remarkable acumen the grandfather exclaimed, holding up his hands: "Fancy, she's been there all the time, and me in the house!"

A doctor was called. He said, "Sever the police; this is not suicide."

A police surgeon arrived, and the two doctors made a thorough examination. In the kitchen, next the bedroom, a fire was burning. Here were bloodstains in the sink upon the doorstep, and on the inside of the door. The door-mat was soaked in blood. Along the passage from the bedroom to the kitchen there was a trail of blood.

A strange discovery was that the floor of the kitchen

(which was of stone) and that of the bedroom (which was of wood) had been washed. The face, neck and chest of the dead woman had also been washed.

The head was mangled, with deep cuts upon the face and forehead. Both arms and hands were mutilated with nine distinct wounds. The doctors (and the police) concluded that these wounds had been caused by blows inflicted "by a female or a weak man." The body had been drawn from the kitchen to the bedroom. The wounds had been inflicted by a heavy instrument.

The police found a butcher's cleaver in a drawer in the kitchen. It bore bloodstains. In the bedroom was a basin containing bloodstained water. On the floor was the bloody imprint of a naked foot.

They found in Fleming's room, in a chest of drawers, several of his shirts spotted with blood.

They found the dead servant's box had been rifled and several articles of clothing were missing. Also some silver and plated spoons from the dining-room were gone. But a valuable silver tea-service was untouched.

Grandfather Fleming was taken to the police station for interrogation. In Scotland they don't hold inquests. All preliminary inquiries in criminal cases are held by the Fiscal (public prosecutor), who decides what course to pursue. It was rumoured that this Fiscal was a friend of the Flemings.

The police discovered the missing plate in a pawnshop. Acting on information from old Fleming, they arrested Mrs. McLachlan, a seaman's wife, and a friend of the dead girl. Her story was that she had been given the plate and the clothing by old Fleming. He denied this.

After elaborate tests it was proved that the bloody foot print had been made by Mrs. McLachlan's naked foot. She was charged with the murder of her friend, and old Fleming was set free to give evidence against her.

The trial took place in Glasgow the following September. The defence was a plea of Not Guilty, and a special defence "that the murder alleged in the indictment was committed by James Fleming."

The latter appeared in court in his best Sunday blacks, silver-whiskered, a typical kirk elder.

He swore that he went to bed on the Friday night at 9 p.m., heard 4 a.m., heard three "squeals" which he thought came from "loose characters" outside. Or else, he thought, the servant may have had a sister staying with her.

He expected the girl to bring him his porridge and milk next morning at 6 a.m. as usual; but as she did not do so he lay in bed until 9 a.m., when he rose and dressed. He made his own breakfast, and then went out to collect rents of houses owned by his son. On Saturday he went to bed at 8 p.m., got up, and went to the kirk on Sunday morning. He told callers that "Jess had gone away."

Defending counsel asked the simple question: "Did the milk come as usual on Saturday morning?"

Fleming swore seven times that the milkboy did not

come. But finally he admitted that the boy did call, but he had not wanted any milk.

The milk boy gave evidence that not only did he call, but that Fleming, fully dressed, had opened the door slightly, and said "he wanted nae milk."

Evidence was also brought to show that Fleming had been called "an old devil" by the dead girl because he annoyed her. Proof was given that Fleming had engaged a local girl to wash a lobby for him, but he had not let her into the rooms.

Lord Deas, in his address to the jury, said: "The old gentleman" could not be expected to notice the condition of the basement flat; that the milk boy was mistaken as to his time of calling; that "old Mr. Fleming" may have been called "an old devil" because he spoke harshly to the maids; and so on. The trial had lasted four days. It took the jury fifteen minutes to bring in a verdict of Guilty.

And just here occurred one of the most amazing "sensations" of the trial. Mrs. McLachlan, the accused woman, spoke hurriedly to her counsel, who asked leave to make a statement. It was a long one, but it had been duly sworn some time before the trial, although the defending lawyers had held it back for reasons of their own.

The statement admitted that Mrs. McLachlan had called to see her friend that Friday evening. She had found old Fleming and Jessie McPherson in the kitchen.

Fleming had a bottle of whisky. He sent Mrs. McLachlan out for more, and when she returned she saw him attacking her friend with a cleaver. She was about to run for help, but he stopped her, saying that "they would both be in it."

The girl died during the night. Mrs. McLachlan told "Fleming" to fetch water and washed the dead girl's face and neck; how he had washed the floor, and spilled water over her (Mrs. McLachlan's) feet, so that she had to take off her shoes and stockings to dry them. Hence the mark of her naked foot on the floor.

Fleming, she said, gave her the plate and some money on condition that she would never mention what she saw.

The statement rang true, every word of it. But Lord Deas characterised it as "wicked falsehoods." Lord Deas emphasised his opinion that "the old gentleman" had nothing to do with the murder; and Lord Deas passed sentence of death. Even the Law journals criticised his conduct of the case.

But Mrs. McLachlan did not die. The case roared its way up to the House of Commons. The Lord Provost of Glasgow headed a petition for further inquiry. The Home Secretary had to move, because the public were restive.

Mrs. McLachlan served fifteen years in prison, then went to America. Old Fleming was mobbed by an irate crowd when he appeared in public.

But he was safe; for, according to law, having been accepted as a witness in the prosecution, he could not be arraigned on a charge. The old rascal.

Fear is the Strongest passion

MR. MALTHUS looked at the Colonel curiously, and then requested him to take a seat upon his right.

"You are a new-comer," he said, "and wish information? You have come to the proper source. It is two years since I first visited this charming club."

Geraldine was astonished, and began to suspect a mystification.

"What!" cried he, "two years! I thought—but indeed I see I have been made the subject of a pleasant."

"By no means," replied Mr. Malthus mildly. "My case is peculiar. I am not, properly speaking, a suicide at all; but, as it were, an honorary member. I rarely visit the club twice in two months. My infirmity and the kindness of the President have procured me these little immunities, for which besides I pay at an advanced rate."

"I am afraid," said the Colonel, "that I must ask you to be more explicit."

"An ordinary member who comes here in search of death

like yourself," replied the paralytic, "returns every evening until fortune favours him. He can even, if he is penniless, get board and lodgings from the President; very fair, I believe, and clean, although, of course, not luxurious; that could hardly be, considering the cost of the subscription. And then the President's company is a delicacy in itself."

"Indeed!" cried Geraldine, "he had not greatly preposessed me."

"Ah!" said Mr. Malthus, "you do not know the man; the drollest fellow! I believe him myself to be inspired. You doubtless remember the celebrated case, six months ago, of the gentleman who was accidentally poisoned in a chemist's shop? That was one of the least risks of the least racy; of his notions; but then, how simple, and how safe!"

"You astound me," said the Colonel. "Was that unfortunate gentleman one of the club?"

"He was about to say 'victims,' but, bethinking himself in time, he substituted—'members of the club? But I perceive I am still in the dark.'"

"You say truly that you are in the dark," replied Mr. Malthus with more animation.

"Why, my dear sir, this club is the temple of intoxication. It requires all the sense of duty engendered by a long habit of ill-health and careful regimen to keep me from excess in this, which, I may say, my dissipation, I have tried them all, sir," he went on, laying his hand on Geraldine's arm, "all without exception, and I declare to you, upon my honour, there is not one of them that has not been grossly and untruthfully overrated. People trifle with love. Now, I deny that love is a strong passion. Fear is the strong passion; it is with fear that you must trifle, if you wish to taste the intensest joys of living. Envy me—envy me, sir," he ended with a chuckle, "I am a coward!"

Geraldine could scarcely repress a movement of repulsion for this deplorable wretch.

"How, sir," he asked, "is the excitement so artfully prolonged? And where is there any element of uncertainty?"

"I must tell you how the victim for every evening is selected," returned Mr. Malthus, "and not only the victim, but another member, who is to be the instrument in the club's hands, and death's high priest for that occasion."

"Good God!" said the Colonel, "do they then kill each other?"

"The trouble of suicide is removed in that way," returned Malthus with a nod.

"Merciful heavens!" ejaculated

THE YOUNG MAN WITH THE CREAMTARTS. Part IV

lated the Colonel, "and may you—may I—may the—my friend, I mean—may any of us be pitched upon this evening as the slayer of another man's body and immortal spirit? Can such things be possible among men born of women? Oh! infamy of infamies!"

Mr. Malthus had keenly enjoyed the Colonel's amazement and disgust. He had the vanity of wickedness; and it pleased him to see another man give way to a generous movement while he felt himself, in his entire corruption, superior to such emotions.

"You now, after your first moment of surprise," said he, "are in a position to appreciate the delights of our society. You can see how it combines the excitement of a gaming-table, a duel, and a Roman amphitheatre. The game we play," he continued, "is one of

extreme simplicity. A full pack—but I perceive you are about to see the thing in progress. Will you lend me the help of your arm? I am unfortunately paralysed."

Indeed, just as Mr. Malthus was beginning his description, another pair of folding-doors was thrown open, and the whole club began to pass, not without some hurry, into the adjoining room. It was similar in every respect to the one from which it was entered, but somewhat differently furnished. The centre was occupied by a long green table, at which the President sat shuffling a pack of cards with great particularity.

"It is a pack of fifty-two," whispered Mr. Malthus. "Watch for the ace of spades, which is the sign of death, and the ace of clubs, which designates the official of the night."

The Prince was conscious of a deadly chill and a contraction about his heart; he swallowed with difficulty, and looked from side to side like a man in a maze.

"One bold stroke," whispered the Colonel, "and we may still escape."

But the suggestion recalled the Prince's spirits. "Silence!" said he. "Let me see that you can play like a gentleman for any snake, however serious."

And he looked about him, once more to all appearance at his ease, although his heart beat thickly, and he was conscious of an unpleasant heat in his bosom.

"Attention, gentlemen!" said the President.

And he began slowly dealing the cards about the table in the reverse direction, pausing until each man had shown his card. Nearly everyone hesitated, and sometimes you would see a player's fingers stumble more than once.

As the Prince's turn drew nearer he was conscious of a growing and most suffocating excitement. The nine of clubs fell to his lot; the three of spades was dealt to Geraldine; and the queen of hearts to Mr. Malthus, who was unable to suppress a sob of relief.

The young man of the cream tarts almost immediately afterwards turned over the ace of clubs, and remained frozen with horror, the card still resting on his finger; he had not come there to kill, but to be killed.

The deal was coming round again, and still Death's card had not come out. The Prince received another club; Geraldine had a diamond; but when Mr. Malthus turned up his card a horrible noise, like that of something breaking, issued from his mouth, and he rose from his seat and sat down again, with no sign of his paralysis. It was the ace of spades.

TO-DAY'S PICTURE QUIZ



WHAT IS IT?

Answer to Picture Quiz in No. 261: A Melon.

Conversation broke out again almost at once. The players relaxed their rigid attitudes, and began to rise from the table and stroll back by twos and threes into the smoking-room.

The President stretched his arms and yawned like a man who had finished his day's work. But Mr. Malthus sat in his place, with his head in his hands, and his hands upon the table, drunk and motionless—a thing stricken down.

The Prince and Geraldine made their escape at once. In the cold night air their horror of what they had witnessed was redoubled.

The next morning, as soon as the Prince was stirring, Colonel Geraldine brought him the daily newspaper, with the following paragraph marked:—

"Melancholy Accident.—This morning, about two o'clock, Mr. Bartholomew Malthus, of 16 Chepstow Place, Westbourne Grove, on his way home from a party at a friend's house, fell over the upper parapet in Trafalgar Square, fracturing his skull and breaking a leg and arm. Death was instantaneous. Mr. Malthus, accompanied by a friend, was engaged in looking for a cab at the time of the unfortunate occurrence. As Mr. Malthus was paralytic, it is thought that his fall may have been occasioned by another seizure. The unhappy gentleman was well known in most respectable circles, and his loss will be widely and deeply deplored."

"If ever a soul went straight to Hell," said Geraldine solemnly, "was that paralytic man's."

(To be continued)

ODD CORNER

And what about "vitamins"? We may add to F. W. Thomas's couplets:—
"If I should say they rhyme with beans,
In speaking of these vitamins,
Someone will write some caustic lines
To say they rhyme with vitamins,
A couplet of our own:—
But science tells us for our sins
That we should call them 'vitamins.'"

USELESS EUSTACE

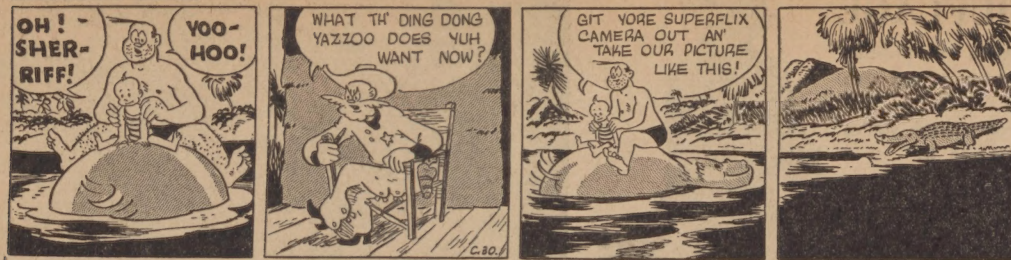


"Bimoy! Stuck! And there goes the ruddy siren—!!"

CROSSWORD CORNER

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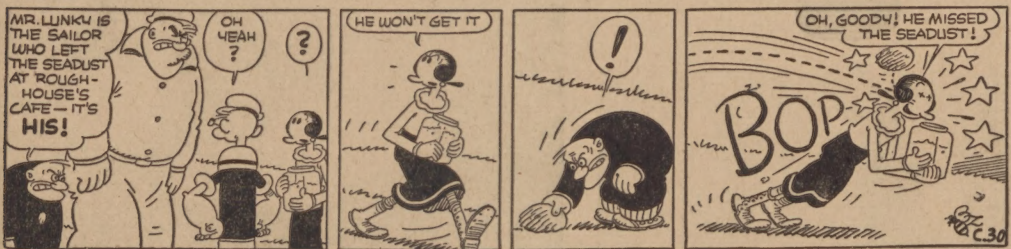
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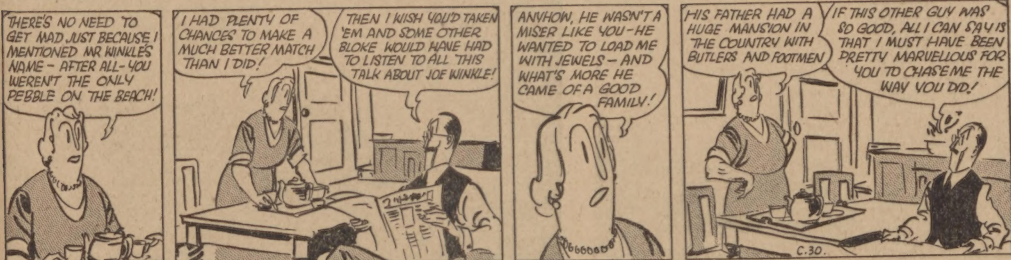
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JUST JAKE



ODDS ON THE BOY

By T. S. Douglas

THE latest issued statistics on the births in Britain showed that 1,063 boys were born for every 1,000 girls. This compares with the average of 1,055 boys to every 1,000 girls born during the last ten years.

The proportion of boy babies to girl babies increased in the second year of the war, and has been maintained ever since.

In one quarter it rose as high as 1,070 boys to every 1,000 girls, and this compares with the "normal" figure of peace-time years of 1,040 boys to 1,000 girls.

At all times and in nearly all countries more boys are born than girls. The mechanism that ensures this is not fully understood, but the reason is clear. The infant mortality is higher amongst boys, and later on the hazards of even peace-time life are greater for men than women.

At birth there is an excess of boys, but this is soon adjusted by infant mortality, and for nearly every age-group afterwards females are in excess.

Scientists have given a great deal of study to the sex ratio, but it remains largely a mystery. Statistics collected, however, throw up most interesting figures for consideration.

Not only does each country have a more or less constant sex ratio, but this varies with the race of the parents, their environment, and even with the regularity of their union.

Statistics of illegitimate births are difficult to consider, for some of them are the result of unions which are marriages in all but name.

There is a distinct indication that the proportion of boys amongst illegitimate babies is greater than the proportion amongst legitimate births.

Consider the difference between town and country dwellers. In nearly every country of the world a greater excess of boy babies is born in the country than in the towns.

In the latest statistics for peace-time available there were 1,038 boys born in towns of England and Wales for 1,043 in the country. (All these figures are to every 1,000 girls born.) In Ireland the figures were 1,048 in towns to 1,052 in the country.

Amongst the white population of South Africa the difference was striking—1,037 boys in the towns, 1,078 in the country.

Amongst the coloured population the figures were 1,023 and 1,033. What produces these differences?

The highest ratio was amongst the Jews, who had no less than 1,090 boys born for every 1,000 girls. For the Italians, the figure was 1,065, and the same for the Arabs. Yet all these peoples lived in more or less the same environment.

Studies have also shown that in mixed marriages between parents of different colour the tendency is strongly in favour of a higher proportion of boy babies than is found amongst births of either race.

But the most intriguing mystery is the rise in the proportion of boys that takes place during a war.

Some scientists deny that war has anything to do with it, but the figures speak for themselves. The experience of the present war confirms that of the war of 1914-1918.

From 1915 on, the ratio of boys increased in every belligerent country by varying amounts. In Britain the rise averaged 9 per 1,000; in Germany it was 12 per 1,000. On the other hand, the matter was complicated by the fact that a rise also took place in some neutral countries.

In Holland it was 8 per 1,000; in Switzerland no less than 12 per 1,000. In Scandinavian countries the figure remained steady.

Records for earlier wars are not so good, for the collection of accurate vital statistics is a comparatively modern thing.

It is a fact that when boys born in France during the Franco-Prussian war came to be called to the colours for military training twenty-odd years later, the number of boys so far exceeded expectations that only a proportion could be taken.

Scientists say there is no evidence strong enough to show what link, if any, there may be between the sex ratio and war.

The popular idea that "Nature restores the balance" implies a mode of thinking which the modern scientists cannot accept.

But it is difficult to resist speculation about this fascinating mystery. The most credible theory put forward is that the increase in the proportion of male babies takes place whenever there is a state of great tension and danger.

This would be a reasonable enough mechanism—in such times it is males that are needed.

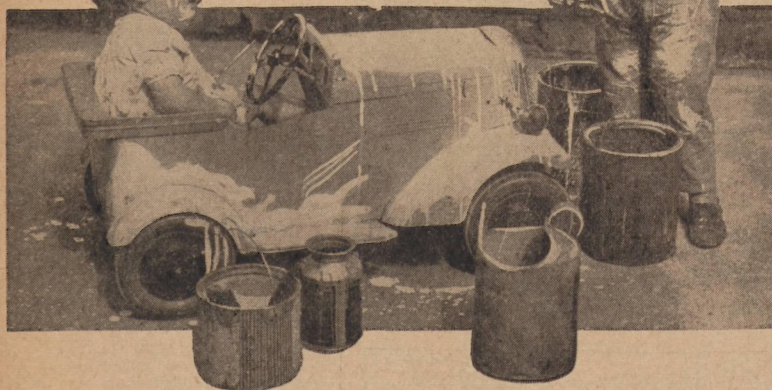
This also "explains" the rise amongst the neutrals. It took place amongst those neutrals which were closest to the fighting fronts and therefore in the greatest state of tension. The Scandinavian countries, on the other hand, were secure and comparatively little affected.

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

CAMOUFLAGE

"By the time I've finished this job I'd like to bet that you won't be able to find this car even though you're sitting in it."



This England

A charming spot by the River Colne at Iver Ford, near Yiewsley, Middlesex.

MYSTERY!

A fine study of a Continental beauty, by an anonymous photographer.



BALANCING FEET!



Looks as though this rabbit has been doing a spot of neck stretching. Two heads ARE better than one anyway. Struth . . . there are two bodies, too.

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Lummy, I'm seeing double."

